PAUL FLANDERS
BOX 547, CARMEL

THE
CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. TEN — CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, SEPT. 8, 1926 — TEN CENTS

NEW SCHOOL OF DRAMA PLANNED

THE END OF THE MONTH will see beginning of a new school in Carmel, a school whose teaching methods will silence forever those critics who say that Carmel is the home of dilettantes.

The Carmel School of the Theater has for its object professional production; professional actors, sets and lighting. It will take the amateur and teach him how to breathe, speak and move; it will give him a stage to work upon, scenery to build and paint, and show him how these threads are drawn together by direction to form the pattern of the play.

The group of workers who have made the Arts and Crafts Theater plays the most finished offerings Carmel has seen have associated with themselves other well known teachers and for the first time the peninsula will have an all the year school where every branch of the drama will be studied. Special classes as well as groups will be taken and pupils will be used in the regular monthly plays when their grounding and basic work has been satisfactory.

Carmel is not alone in its interest in things theatrical, the entire peninsula should welcome this chance to study with a school which will give its students the opportunity to work along the same lines as the theatre schools in the large cities, and yet with a directness of purpose and personal interest that a city school must lack.

The business notices, which will appear in a few days, will tell the details, but the news old Carmel and keeps alive the tradition of is too good to hold. New Carmel meets sincerity and hard work.

—M. L.

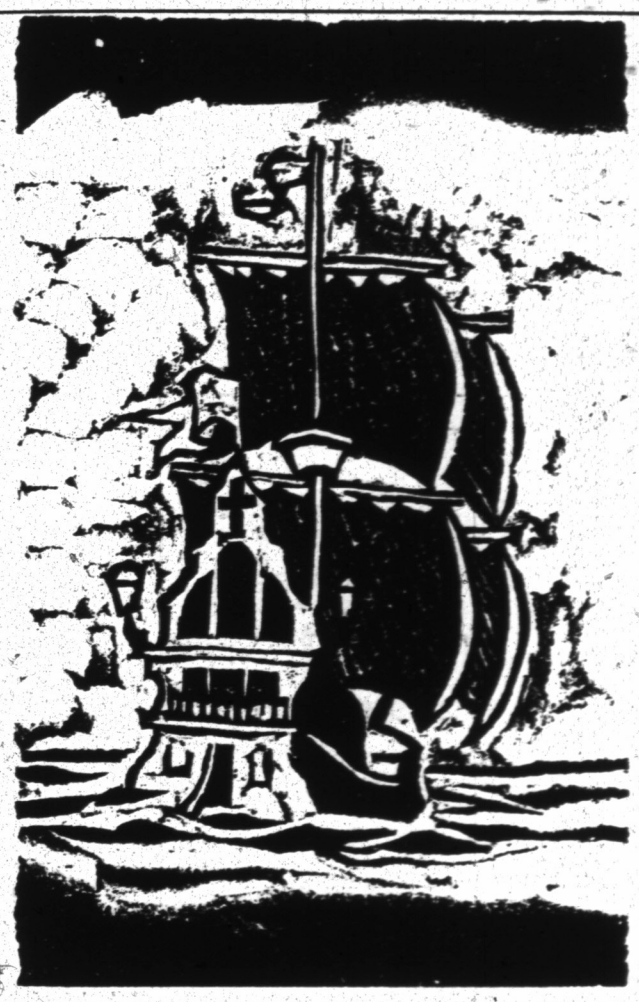
INTERESTING PROGRAM TONIGHT AT PARENT-TEACHER'S MEETING

"The Community's Responsibility to Its Children" will be the subject for discussion at the meeting of the Carmel Parent-Teacher's Association meeting tonight at 8 o'clock in the Sunset school. Among the speakers will be Ray DeYoe, Allan Griffin. Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. C. F. Brown of Pacific Grove.

A reception to the teachers of the school will follow and all those who are interested in the public schools are urged to attend.

"GAME AND GOSSIP", NEW MAGAZINE MAKES APPEARANCE

"Game and Gossip", an illustrated fortnightly, published by S. F. B. Morse and edited by J. Lawrence Toole, head of the publicity department of the Del Monte hotel, was in the mails yesterday and reached many of the elite in Carmel. It is a handsomely illustrated magazine in colors and devoted to social and sporting news and comment. Its publication was forecast in The Cymbal two or three weeks ago.



A Linoleum Cut by A. W. Clark

PLANS PERFECTING FOR HOSPITAL TO BE ERECTED IN CARMEL WOODS

Mrs. Edith B. Shuffleton, who plans to construct a twelve-room hospital in Carmel Woods, left Carmel yesterday for San Francisco to complete the final arrangements for the building. It is expected that actual work on the construction will begin in a few weeks.

CITY TRUSTEES GIVE FINAL PASSAGE TO NEW TAX RATE

The city trustees last evening gave final passage to the ordinance fixing the tax rate at 95 cents, a reduction of 15 over last year's rate.

The proposal was accepted to place three buttons in the street at the intersection of Ocean avenue and Carmelo street to guard against automobile accidents. It was at first planned to try out buttons on all the intersections, but Trustee Fenton Foster declared that he was convinced the buttons would result in added traffic trouble and wanted one set of them tried out before any definite step was taken.

The property owners in the neighborhood of Thirteenth avenue and Lincoln street were granted the right to keep the big tree which stands in the center of the street providing that they would remunerate the city for any damage that might result from its falling or otherwise causing trouble.

Elsie Grant to Read Tonight

ELSIE GRANT, dramatic reader, actress and a teacher of exceptional ability who is at present in charge of the dramatic department of one of the most prominent girls' schools in the West, will give a program this evening at the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

The incidental music will be played by Flora Richardson, who has often appeared on a joint program with Miss Grant in Berkeley and other Bay cities. Mrs. Richardson is a Carmel resident who is best known for her ensemble work and her sympathetic accompaniments. The musical settings to the poems on tonight's program constitute a large part of the charm of their presentation.

The program for tonight is as follows:

Will o' the Wisp — Doris Halman
A one-act play.

The Piffle Play — Stephen Leacock

Poems with musical settings—
Hoofs — Winifred Waldron
Moon Folly — Fannie Stearns Davis
Madonna of the Evening Flowers — Amy Lowell
La Petite Naive — George O'Neill
Wraith — Edna St. Vincent Millay
Moon Mockery — Katherine Riggs
Listen, Children, Listen — Scarlatti
Wanderlust — Gerald Gould
My Little Truant Heart — Mabel Ludlum

The Shoes That Danced — Anna Hempstead Branch
A one-act play

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD RUNS UP IN CALIFORNIA GOLF TOURNEY

Donald Moe, 17 years old, of Portland, was yesterday tied for first place in the California Golf Tournament with O. S. Carlton, amateur champion of Texas. Moe came in yesterday with the extraordinary score of 68 for the 36 holes of the Del Monte course. He had made 75 at Pebble Beach the day before. Carlton scored 73 on Monday and yesterday 70.

Capt. A. Bullock Webster of the Hollywood Country club is in third place with 144. John McHugh of San Francisco is fourth with 148

MONTEREY BATTLES DEL MONTE FOR THROUGH ROAD TO SEASIDE

Contending that the Del Monte Properties Company has no legal right to close the road that parallels the Southern Pacific tracks through the hotel Del Monte grounds, officials of Monterey have appealed to the Monterey county supervisors to compel the hoted company to open gates which have been shut to block the thoroughfare.

SUNSET BOYS LINE UP FOR FOOTBALL

RED" GRANGE is the favorite player and Stanford the favorite team among the thirteen boys of Sunset School who answered the first call for the local foot ball squad. Of the gridiron heroes, named without nomination, the athletic ice-man was given seven votes. Ernie Nevers tallied four, and Tut Imlay and Brick Mueller one apiece. Stanford was the pick of nine boys, Cal. of three, and one lone ballot was cast for University of Southern California.

A big boost for Carmel's salubrious climate resulted from a tabulation of the statistics on illness. None of the boys had ever had scarlet fever and only two the flu. Even in those cases the flu was so mild as to cast some doubt on its authenticity.

A majority of the boys who signed for the squad work after school hours. Of those who signed as not working several had put in the vacation season at work.

The average weight of the boys foots up to 113 pounds. The lightest is ninety-two pounds and the heaviest 160. Efforts will be made to prevent a collision of these extremes. As far as possible, players in practice games will be pitted against boys of their own size and strength.

A local boys' football team offers an excellent chance to value the worth of organized athletics. Only three of the boys who signed had ever participated in a "regular" game. The work of taking hold of this recruit material and turning out a team has been taken over by Maurice Stoney, graduate of Sunset School and now a student at Monterey High. "Dooley" is a skillful athlete, a first-rate strategist, and in taking hold of the boys for their first practice displayed an unusual knack of imparting methods and ideas to his charges.

The young field coach went right to work with the boys Friday afternoon, putting them through a drill in tackling and clipping. Every afternoon this week there will be work-out after school on the Town Lot on Ocean avenue. Boys wishing to get into the games can report there to Coach Stoney, Manager Milton Roach, or at Staniford's Drug Store to D. L. Staniford, former U. C. footballer and scout for the late Andy Smith when the Cal. mentor was turning out his wonder teams.

Jack Orcutt, local attorney and referee of Conference football games, willl see that the boys get the right idea of the rules of the game and will help out with the coaching.

After preliminary grounding in the fundamentals of handling the ball, tackling, clipping, and interference, the squad will be divided into matched sides and a series of games played between the Yellowjackets and the Maroons. Each team will have its own coaches, signal drills and secret practice, then meet for the championship.

The first boys who signed for the team were: Milton Roach, Ambrose Love, Bain Reamer, Dale Leidig, George Young, Thomas Cram, Jack Kellogg, Arthur Clay, John Rock-Well, Charles Grimshaw, Stanley Bishop, Herschel McPhillips, Roy Walls.

Since the list went up, additionel candidates are: Dick Criley, Cedric Roundtree, George Turner, Raleigh Belvaille, Carlisle Lewis, Billy Argo. The one essential requirement for enrollment is written permission from parents to take part in practice and games.

Flor de Monterey
FLOWER SHOP
Fremont and Mesa Streets
TREES, SHRUBS AND FLOWERS
Telephone 928-J
Nursery 748-J

ROBERTA BALFOUR
MODERN ART STUDIO
Seventh and Lincoln Carmel

Please note that the
CARMEL
Tea Garden
ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18 WILL SERVE LIGHT LUNCHEON 10-2, AND DINNER FROM 5:30 TO 7:30.
TEA GARDEN WILL CLOSE ON MONDAYS.
PRIVATE PARTIES, LUNCHEON AND DINNER PARTIES CATERED FOR
ORDERS TAKEN FOR FRUIT CAKE AND REAL ENGLISH CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.
SAN CARLOS AT FOURTH
TELEPHONE 366

The Corner Cupboard
Antiques
Arts and Crafts
Lampshades
Seven Arts Building

NOW YOU CAN HAVE YOUR AUTO OR RADIO BATTERY CHARGED IN
8
HOURS AT THE
City Garage
Phone Carmel 230 Carmel, California

IT WAS SUPERB!

By W. K. BASSETT

AN IDEAL PLAY—ideally staged, ideally cast and ideally played. There is no praise too great for what George Ball, Rhoda Johnson and Dick Johnson did with "Children of the Moon". With the Pacific Coast premiere of Martin Flavin's truly big play they made a distinct and signal contribution to the hitherto over-advertised dramatic reputation of Carmel.

And I would suggest that you clip the following list and pin it on a curtain in your bedroom—you may never see its like again:

William Shepard
Barry Parker
Louise Walcott
Jadwiga Noskowiak
Eugene Watson
G. Y. Williams
George Ball
Gladys Vander Roest

Here is a combination to conjure with and it has set a new and, I fear, unapproachable standard in the dramatic history of this too-self-conscious community that has never been quite sure on what it prides itself the most. Here is a combination on which Carmel may raise the banner of its accomplishment; the shibboleth of its value to the art of the West.

I have seen many plays in Carmel by amateur casts; I have seen some that were ghastly, some that were passingly fair, some that were good, a few that were excellent, but not until last Friday night had I seen one that approached as near to perfection as the psychologists will permit us to dare—and live. If there was anyone in that cast who failed to reach the pinnacle of his hopes the failure is written on the secret records of his soul—we who watched and heard and were irresistibly moved saw no imperfect threads in the clear sheen of the whole.

And what can one say of that cast individually except that the difficult characterization thrust upon Billy Shepard gave us the quiet, serious humor Flavin intended the role should convey; the casualty and snap of Barry Parker provided the interesting combination of freedom and discipline, the intensity and sweetness of Louise Walcott made her a grandmother of forgotten times, the surety and self-control of Eugene Watson added to the laurels he gained in "Arms and the Man", the forcefulness of G. Y. Williams made him the man to whom a helpless, hopeless girl could cling; the proved versatility of George Ball re-asserted itself, and the emotional art of Gladys Vander Roest carried her another grade higher up the mountain of her achievements?

Jadwiga Noskowiak?

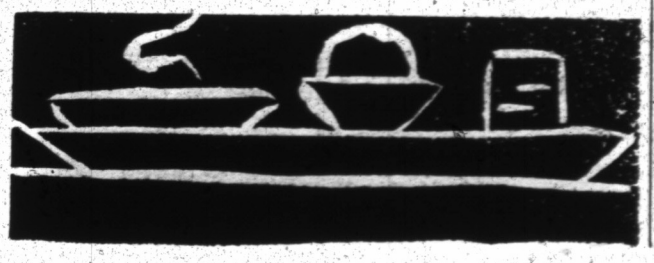
If there is a great and infalible judge of drama I believe that he would find a fine, thin line of demarcation that would move Jadwiga Noskowiak almost imperceptibly forward of the line of the others. I doubt if there is—I am certain there is not—a person in Carmel, or in the West, for that matter, who could have put into the part of Jane Atherton the beauty and understanding Miss Noskowiak put into it. I will go further than that—I do not know who played Jane in the production of "Children of the Moon" in New York, but I would not fear the certainty of Miss Noskowiak's steps on Broadway. And George Ball and Louise Walcott, as the directors, with all the plaudits that are rightfully theirs, may not lay claim to many of the cheers that are Jadwiga's. What she gave to Jane she gave out of the fullness of her own heart and mind and the spiritual fountain that wells so strong within her.

There is a certain goal ahead of Jadwiga Noskowiak and the gleam of the goal is plainly discernible not very far ahead. She has, securely and certainly within her hands and heart, the something without which no human being can lift himself far above the level of the rest of us. She could have ruined "Children of the Moon" with ordinarily good acting. She helped to make it the radiant thing it was by the glow of a spark that is the beacon of genius.

Adventures in Eating Out

Number Fourteen

WE'VE ALWAYS rather regretted the fact that there is no cafeteria in Carmel but there's one just over the hill which we find easy to reach when we go afield for nourishment. The beauty of a cafeteria is that all the food is spread out before you, everything on the table at once, like a church supper, and you take what you like the looks of. So much simpler and easier than trying ot decide from a menu whose printed words, non-committal and cold, give no answer to your vacillating question, "I wonder if that's good today." But at the counter in the cafeteria you see for yourself that the potatoes are fried a tempting brown; you can compare the pink slices of salmon with the rich mixture of stew and make the experiment, then and there, of which dish calls to yaur appetite; you may, without anyone to question your manners, point out the plate with the largest, ripest slices of tomato as your choice; and compare the merits of layer cake with berry pie when you reach the dessert stage of your journey. A cafeteria is the only place where the selecting of your meal is the most exciting part of it; you get all the thrill anticipation, just at a time when your appetite is keenest, and making a choice of the actual dishes is much more fun than guessing at what you want and hoping that what comes from the kitchen will be as good as you imagined it! The only trouble with Siddall's Cafeteria is that everything not only looks good but is good, and you sometimes find yourself with a crowded tray of hearty food when you had had no intention of indulging in anything more than a very light meal.



The Cinderella Shop
JUST RECEIVED
Shipment of Unusual Russian Dresses. . .
NEW FALL DRESSES ARE ARRIVING DAILY

FLOR DE MONTEREY
TEA SHOP
Luncheon, Tea and Dinner
FREMONT STREET OPPOSITE MISSION
MONTEREY
TELEPHONE 1400

THE ADOBE GIFT SHOP
and
TEA ROOM
Lunches Served
Books
Telephone 324
535 Polk Street Monterey, Calif.

Stella's
PHOENIX—HOLEPROOF HOSIERY
Carmel's pioneer dry goods store.
Ocean Avenue and Dolores

PERSONAL MENTION

MISS TILLY POLAK and Miss Jadwiga Noskowiak entertained the cast of "Children of the Moon" after the performance on Friday evening at the Monterey Peninsula Country club. Those present included George Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Miss Gladys Vander Roest, Miss Helen Nelson, Mrs. Louise Walcott, Mrs. Tad Stinson, Barry Parker, G. Y. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Watson, Robert Hestwood and Frederick J. Dennis.

* * *

R. F. Foster of New York, card editor of Vanity Fair, and author of more than sixty books on games, is at Pine Inn for a week. He is on a tour of the Pacific Coast, lecturing on auction bridge.

* * *

Bernard Heffernan of Washington, D.C. is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheridan in their home in Carmel Woods.

* * *

Miss Martha Fellows of the Carmel Investment company and John Johnson, local merchant, were married Sunday morning at the Carmel Community church. Rev. Fred Sheldon officiated.

* * *

Miss Helen Nelson of San Jose came to Carmel to see "Children of the Moon". Miss Nelson was active in dramatic work here at one time and was connected with productions at Stanford University.

* * *

Mrs. Clay Miller of Palo Alto is at her home on Scenic Drive in Carmel.

* * *

Miss Marie Welch of San Francisco is at Pine Inn for a few days.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Douglass left Saturday for a trip to Pittsburgh and New York to be gone for two months.

* * *

Miss Esther Waite entertained at luncheon at Kays last Saturday for Miss Tilly Polak and Miss Jadwiga Noskowiak.

* * *

Among those who spent the week-end at the Family Club grove, at which time the annual Flight took place were Sam Blythe, Robert Welles Ritchie, Dell Call, Jo Mora, Byington Ford, George Cook and Carl Stanley.

* * *

Major and Mrs. E. Banks-Gwyther of Long Beach and Miss Isobel Walker are in the Marsh cottage for a week.

* * *

Stuart Walcott went to Los Angeles on business.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow of Fresno is visiting Mrs. S. R. Hopkins in Pebble Beach.

* * *

Miss Ernestine Renzel and Miss Vivian Foree went to San Jose for the holidays.

* * *

William Shepard, who made such a success of the role of the butler in "Children of the Moon", has gone to Stockton where he will enter the College of the Pacific following his graduation from the Pacific Grove High school.

* * *

Miss Eleanor Bennett was in her home on North Casanova over the holidays.

* * *

Miss Alice Van Pelt of San Francisco is visiting Roberta Wasson.

* * *

Mrs. Margaret Tooey and her mother, Mrs. R. Eliot have gone to Los Angeles for a week.

* * *

Frederick J. Dennis of Pasadena is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Watson. Mr. Dennis is editor of the official paper of the Pasadena Realty Board.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harold Sellers of Los Angeles are spending two weeks at Highlands Inn.

* * *

Mrs. Phoebe Stewart and her daughter, Jean, have taken the new Coleman house on Lopez street for a month or two.

* * *

Miss Vivien Foree and O. J. Cope entertained at Del Monte on Saturday night. The guests were Miss Jean Stewart, Hugh Garner, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. Halsted Yates entertained at dinner and bridge at Del Monte Monday evening for Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nares of Pebble Beach. Mrs. Nares is leaving shortly for New Orleans where she will spend the winter.

* * *

Mrs. Martha French of Palo Alto was a visitor in Carmel during the holidays.

* * *

Mr. Ralph Hoffman of Santa Barbara is in Carmel for a week or two.

* * *

Mrs. E. Banks-Gwythers gave a tea Monday afternoon at Kays for Mrs. John Poindexter and Miss Adelaide Manning. Other guests were Mrs. J. F. Hartley, Mrs. Kissam Johnson and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson.

"FOREIGN FILMS" TO HAVE FIRST SHOW AT GOLDEN BOUGH

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made by the Theatre of the Golden Bough that arrangements have been made for the first showings in America of a series of European motion pictures imported by Walter Kofeldt and associates. Two of these importations, a diverting Danish comedy film featuring the "Mutt and Jeff" of Denmark, and a German film titled "Clods", have already been shown in San Francisco, winning high praise, but from this time on Carmel will enjoy preliminary showings of the Kofeldt importations, which will comprise photoplays from France, Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Russia, England and Spain.

Edward G. Kuster, director of the theater, says:

"Many of these Continental films will be shown in their original European condition, without sub-titles, and Carmel writers will be offered an opportunity, on a competitive cash award basis, to be outlined shortly by the importers, of writing complete sets of sub-titles for American consumption, also short newspaper reviews of the films.

" 'Clods', to be released in America under the somewhat misleading title of 'The Slums of Berlin', will be shown at the Golden Bough on September 24 and 25, and the Danish comedy, 'Ole and Axel', will follow on October 10 and 11."

Tennis players abroad are wearing

ANKLETS

we have them here

THE GAME COCK

FRENCH AND DOMESTIC HANDMADE LINGERIE

GOLF HOSE FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

LIBERTY SQUARES
Direct from London

WHOLE GRAIN WHEAT

and 8 other delicious food products. Ready to eat.

100 per cent pure

Sold only by

P. B. WRIGHT

CARMEL BOX 241 PHONE 122

WALTHAM
ELGIN
HOWARD
HAMILTON
AND
BULOVA
WATCHES

PRECIOUS
AND
SEMI-PRECIOUS
GEMS

WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY REPAIRING

CHAS. FRANK, Jeweler

DOLORES ST. CARMEL

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

Edited and published by W. K. Bassett on Tuesday of each week in The Court of The Cymbal, Seven Arts building, Carmel, Monterey county, California. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.

Entered as second-class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Notes and Comment

GEORGE BALL has laid the final straw on the back of that Ocean Avenue whine: "You must be gentle with amateur casts". The production of "Children of The Moon" at the Arts and Crafts Theater last Friday and Saturday nights established what we have long contended—that amateur casts in Carmel, with the dramatic assumption of Carmel, can make no justifiable plea for special consideration on the part of dramatic critics. They are not producing their shows in a barn and charging a pin for admittance. They are termed amateurs only in the measure of the meaning of the word as derived from the Latin root: "amo". And to the degree that they love to do it must and will be measured their ability to do it well. The cast of "The Children of The Moon" proved that this ability is professional and should be treated as such. When it fails of the perfection demonstrated last week end at the Arts and Crafts theatre it is deserving of and will continue to receive, as far as we are concerned, the condemnation and adverse criticism which it spontaneously arouses. There should be no laying back on the typewriter with the leavening thought: "Well, they are just amateurs". There should be no softening of the lines and the spreading of blanket praise. Forgotten cues, forgotten entrances, forgotten lines, muddled groupings, mussy sets and hitches generally are just as damnable in Carmel as they are on Geary street or on Broadway. There should be no excuse for jaggedness here. The Carmel cast should go through smooth and it must go through smooth to obtain the plaudits it expects.

Demonstrating the spark of dramatic genius—that is something else again; that, surely, should be judged on the side of approbation to the degree of the success. And while it killed off forever any right of a Carmel cast for soft handling in stupidity, "Children of The Moon" raised the level of dramatic talent in this commuunity. No group of amateurs have ever gotten together in Carmel that could approach the accomplishments of the cast of "Children of The Moon" in demonstrated dramatic art. Above and beside the smoothness, which deserves no ecomiums, there was a light of particular talent that makes the Carmel production of "The Children of The Moon" a big and brilliant standard at which to aim, but high enough and far enough to tax the strength of any bowman.

* * *

GAME AND GOSSIP" has burst upon us. It is, according to its publishers, "an illustrated journal of social and sporting news and comment". That it is illustrated, and exceeding voluminously, we will attest, and that it contains social and sporting news to a muchness is evident on only the casual glance we have so far been able to give it. Though it does not say so in so many words it is apparently of the order of house organs and is particularly devoted to the interests of the Del Monte hotel and Pebble Beach Lodge. Its publisher is set down as S. F. B. Morse, head of the Del Monte Properties company, and its editor, our old journalistic friend Larry Toole, who happens to be in charge of publicity for the Del Monte people just at present. A very nicely arranged ad from the "Sunset Press" indicates that "Game and Gossip" is printed in that establishment which still bears the emblem of the Southern Pacific, no matter how determinedly the present directors of the plant and magazine have endeavored to remove the signs of it. "Game and Gossip" has an attractive colored cover for its initial issue and is filled with the sort of information golfers, tennisers and trapshooters revel in. It also devotes several of its pages to telling

who's who socially in the Del Monte arrivals and departures and prints numerous pictures of 'em to prove it. There is lots of style and snap to the publication, promised every fortnight, and if financial backing is anything "Game and Gossip" should get by handsomely.

* * *

"THE LITTLE RANCHES of the Carmel" is the title of a preliminary announcement of the subdividing of "Los Ranchitos del Carmelo" up the Carmel Valley, shortly to be put on the market by Ray DeYoe of the Carmel Realty company. It happens to be a spot, a quite large spot, which more than lives up to the eloquence of the advertisement writer who has this to say about it:

> Where there is summer sunshine all day and every day and gentle winters, a climate ideal for year 'round residence; a situation ideal for those who would practice the art and the joy of living. Los Ranchitos is not a place for campsites, nor is it a "cabin subdivision." For the jazz mad, it has nothing to offer. It will never have a "main street" or a movie palace. If you are interested in such a conception—which means that you must belong to a minority—you may motor up the Carmel Valley this week and inspect Los Ranchitos, six hundred acres of the broad "bench" lands with the glorious oaks, bordered on the south by the Carmel Valley road, on the east by the Los Laurelles road.

When Ray DeYoe reaches the point of appealing to Mencken's intellectual minority we say there's lots of hope for him.

Bolled nursery stock and bedding plants for your fall garden. We furnish soil fertilizers and would like to figure on your planting.

Inspect our sales yard

CARMEL FLORIST

Telephone 316 Ocean Avenue

CARL S. ROHR

Electric

HOUSE WIRING

Lamps, Fixtures, Radios Hotpoint Appliances and Ranges.

Telephone 58 Ocean Avenue Near Dolores

LOST—Platinum bar pin with small pearls and diamonds. If found please notify Mrs. Kinnicutt, Tel. Carmel 32 or P. O. Box 858 and be rewarded.

"PYGMALION"

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, the well known dramatic critic, whose opinions appear in the New York World, writes in entertaining manner of the coming production of Shaw's "Pygmalion" in which Lynn Fontanne will take the leading part:

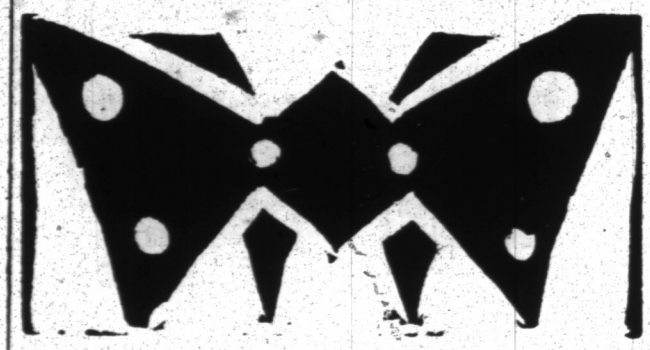
> There is something almost anachronistic in the work that Lynn Fontanne puts on the costume she is to wear in the season just ahead. She has spent a considerable part of her holiday in London, for instance, tracking down just the right clothes for Eliza Doolittle, the draggle-tailed guttersnipe who is the Galatea in Shaw's "Pygmalion". Shaw gave fairly explicit instructions for Eliza's costume when the play was new a dozen years ago, but Miss Fontanne was minded to find out just what such a flower girl would be wearing now.

She applied first to George Belcher, whose magnificently decayed charwomen move with such crushing dignity through the pages of "Punch" in our day. Belcher can draw only from life and has been making such glacier-like progress with his Dicken series (of which two characters were exhibited this summer at the Royal Academy) because he could not draw Pickwick and Pecksniff until he had seen a Pickwick and Pecksniff on the streets of London and lured them to his studio to serve as models. In the course of a year a dozen Eliza Doolittles would toil up the interminable stairs to that studio, perched under the roof of some building in the heart of London so old that when it was first built there were green fields and pleasant lanes all about. Wherefore Miss Fontanne made the same pilgrimage, saw among the Belcher sketches just such a girl as Eliza must have been and was off like a shot to make friends with her. A duplicate costume was then assembled at the stalls of the Caledonia Market, that incredible enclosure out Camden Town way where every one in London with anything to sell (clocks or second hand bolts or zithers or antimacassars or what you will) spreads their wares on the ground for the other half of London to haggle over.

"Pygmalion" was new here in the autumn of 1914. The play had first been produced in that spring at His Majesty's Theatre and it needed the war to subdue the excitement stirred up in London by the fact that Mrs. Campbell actually spoke the word "bloody" right out loud on the stage. She had just married George Cornwallis-West, but neither London nor New York was vouchsafed a glimpse of his performance in "Pygmalion" for he did not join the cast until the road tour in America was safely under way. It was while she was making that tour that George Tyler gently dissuaded her from insisting on the private car to which she was entitled under the terms of her contract. This was nicely managed (at a nightly cost of something like $10) by arranging with the station master to have such an uproar of shifting coaches and tooting whistles on the nearby tracks that, after an exhausting fortnight, Mrs. Campbell developed a belated regard for hotels.

Regarding one of the recent movie triumphs, Mr. Woollcott makes the following caustic comment:

> Bookworms among the movie patrons will be delighted to learn that "The Scarlet Letter," the photoplay in which the elder Miss Gish is appearing at the Central can now be obtained in fiction form. It has been noveliized for Cniema Art. In poring over my copy of that enterprising magazine, these old eyes were especially taken by the moment when Dimmesdale, speaking in the quaint language of old New England, says to Hester Prynne:
>
> "No, Hester, I am going to fade out of the picture."



CHEERING THOUGHT ON EVOLUTION TEACHING

Tennessee forbids the teaching of evolution in state-supported schools. The Florida House of Representatives passes a resolution having similar aspirations. Kentucky barely defeats an anti-evolution bill; another is threatened. In North Carolina the High School Textbook Committee removes two school books from the list—they contained matter on evolution. In Lousiana an anti-evolution bill passes the lower House, but the Senate postpones the issue. And now comes Texas, whose State Textbook Commission draws a black line through every mention of the word evolution in biologies, substituting therefor the word "development," thus beating the devil around the stump. What next?

They say that in these states people who never before heard of evolution are inquiring into it, finding it interesting. Boys, denied the forbidden subject at school, furtively read about evolution from booklegged treatises, down behind the barn where their fathers once read "Pluck and Luck," "Fred Fearnot" and "Diamond Dick," the while smoking cigarettes concocted of cornsilk.

To forbid is to recommend. These state legislatures are doing a great work for evolution.

—Editorial in Scientific American

F. A. CLARK
NEW AND USED
FURNITURE
BEDS, MATTRESSES AND SPRINGS
FIRE PLACE SETS
DOLORES ST. TELEPHONE 48-J

INTERIOR DECORATING
FURNITURE
DRAPES

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING
Zanetta Catlett
Kennedy Owen

Lucille Kiester
PINAFORE PLAYHOUSE
EDUCATIONAL TOYS
CHILDREN'S DRESSES
Czecho-Slovakian and Hungarian . . .
Mary Moore Handmade Dresses . Chase Dolls
Court of The Golden Bough

Studio Gown Shop
NEW FALL MODELS OF THE LATEST STYLES ON DISPLAY - SIZES 14 TO 44. @ AFTERNOON, EVENING AND SPORT COSTUMES. . . . .
Miss ANNA KATZ
Court of the Golden Bough
TELEPHONE 30

Blue Bird Tea Room
LUNCHEON
DINNER
Tea Service
TELEPHONE 161

KYNE'S LATEST MERELY TRASH

AND STILL they come! They never seem to wear out their welcome, these stories of the West, even though their contents are so monotonously of the same stamp. Of Peter B. Kyne's latest, "The Understanding Heart", the Saturday Review has the following to say:

> Lovers of the mythical wild west exploited by Harold Bell Wright, Edison Marshall and Peter B. Kyne will be delighted at the announcement of a new work by the third of these mythologists. The book presents a fine array of the heroic demi-gods that in the fancy of

such writers haunt the entire region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast. There is the noble gentlemanly outlaw, Bob Mason, the noble gentlemanly forest ranger, Tony Garland, the noble old Uncle Charley—who is just what old Uncle Charley must be—and above all, there is the noble forest look-out Monica Dale, brave as a mountain lion and pure as the driven snow; there are also the inevitable modern edition of the Sheriff of Nottingham and the villainous representatives of a heartless corporation. All of these chase each other up and down the Siskiyou Mountains for three hundred and seventy-four pages of cinematic adventures at the end of which hero and heroine are happily married and given a million dollars as a wedding present by the generous author.

The "understanding heart" of the title is shared by nearly all the characters, including horses and mules, but the largest portion belongs to the heroine who combines the qualities of Helen of Troy, Queen Elizabeth and the Sistine Madonna. She not only out-shoots and outsits all the men but towers above them in moral rectitude. They, fine as they are, sometimes break into rough masculine oaths, such as "By gad!" and "By gravy!" But Monica Dale is free even from this single western vice of hard swearing. She is a convincing example of what life in the great out-of-doors, in sun, rain, wind, and snow can do not only for the character but for the complexion. "Lip-stick, rouge and powder-puff had never violated the rich, creamy cheeks". It is to be hoped that those city-dwelling maiden readers of Mr. Kyne who have fallen into the quaint custom of using lip-sticks on their cheeks will henceforth discontinue the degenerate habit.

DR. KOCHER'S BROTHER IS HIGHLY HONORED

A. LAWRENCE KOCHER, head of the department of architecture of the University of Virginia and brother of Dr. R. A. Kocher of Carmel, has been chosen by the American Institute of Architects to head a committee named for the purpose of preventing the destruction of buildings of architectural significance and historic value to the nation.

Professor Kocher was for fifteen years head of the architectural department of the Pennsylvania State College and during that time every new structure added to that institution was designed and constructed under his direction.

He is retained annually by the Metropolitan Museum of New York to evaluate the the colonial antiques acquired for the preceding period of twelve months. At Virginia he is to devote himself pricipally to saving the landmarks which form a physical part of that famous institution.

Professor Kocher is a native of San Jose and was graduated from Stanford University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is an authority on colonial architecture and furniture.

Denny and Watrous

Designers, Builders, Decorators of Homes

Box 282 Carmel, California

Old Cabin Inn

Lodging with or without meals. Chicken Dinner Sunday and Wednesday.

El Camino Real
Carmel Telephone 166J2

—it's the automobile sensation in CARMEL

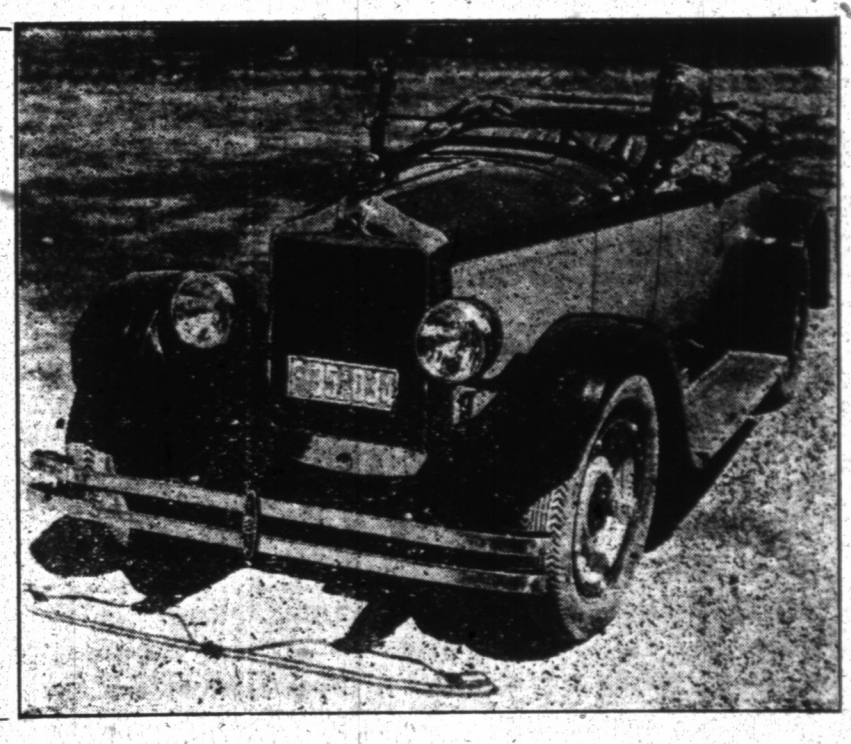
The New

MOON 6-60

$1375.00

with everything

AT YOUR DOOR IN CARMEL.



CITY GARAGE

Telephone 230

CARMEL

TIME SAVERS FOR A BUSY AGE

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

IT IS A STRANGE PARADOX that the more time-saving devices one has, the less time there is to do anything. Yet if one looks more closely into this, the paradox disappears, and the statement resolves itself into cause and effect. The reason lies in human nature. It is the fear of quietude and the horror of being confronted with empty hours, a fear that grows on itself and becomes powerful enough to force its victim to all kinds of absurdities. It is the lack of centralization of the self which eventually brings about disintegration.

In the days of our grandmothers it took almost all day to keep house . . . and with embroidery and patchwork to fill in the spare time there was always something to be busy with. Conversation among women rarely soared beyond these matters, according to all accounts. But, today, when the vacuum cleaner has done the house-work, the electric coooker has prepared the meals, the groceries have been ordered over the telephone and the wash sent off to the laundry, there still remains a large portion of the day unoccupied. We make it our business, however, to fill carefully every little niche or cranny where that gruesome spook Solitude might be hiding. And so we rush into the ceaseless round of engagements, parties, teas, which form so great a part of the life of today.

Here, however, we are pursued by the problem of what to talk about. Light chatter and the latest news will not always suffice. And this is where the outline comes in. A demand is created for short articles, sketches and surveys, and the demand creates the supply. We are presented with Outlines of History, Psychology, Biology, and thanks to Mr. Durant, a new and absorbing Outline of Philosophy. Outlines of everything under the sun to give us a smattering of everything under the sun. It is hash and re-hash and soon the flavor of the original has entirely disappeared.

It may be argued that we are not all students nor have many of us time to read through long books on thoughtful subjects. This is true but it is good to remember that reading outlines is always somewhat of a makeshift and that too many cooks will always spoil the broth. Something of the personality of the outliner will be sure to color the result.

It is an age of hurry. We see the tourists passing through Carmel. They give us half an hour perhaps—often less—and they have "seen Carmel". "Oh yes! It's a wonderful place. So artistic!" "And did you see Lobos?" "Oh yes, I should say so . . . . we grilled our steaks right out in the open and had a gorgeous picnic." (Something like that.) But of the real spirit of the place, which can only be known through solitude, they know nothing.

So with reading. You may pick up the "Story of Philosophy" and you will read of Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Spinoza, Voltaire, Kant, Schopenhauer, Spencer, Nietsche, etc., and you will have a delightful picnic, but of the real souls you will know nothing.

Two Impressions Of Henry Cowell

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

EVEN TO ONE like myself, with no pretensions to musical knowledge, the power and poetry of Mr. Cowell's great mass tones were as moving as they were novel. I had not supposed that the piano could be made to do all that. He has evolved a new technique for it, the first since that instrument was invented. Here was a new musical experience. Why had no one ever thought of it before?

His extremely individual compositions, played in his way, for they could not be played in the ordinary orthodox way, reached the fundamental emotions and stirred the imagination by musical mysteries hitherto unknown to me.

JOAN RAMSAY

I CAN IMAGINE HENRY COWELL as a small boy discovering a piano for the first time and all the enthralling things that might be done with it. Like the small boy in Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age"—I think it was—who loved "strumming" until he learned how to play like the grown-ups—only to find that the strangely fascinating unknown notes had lost their magic for him. "For some notes have all the sea in them, and some the sound of temple bells," he said, but when the notes were brought neatly together in the grown-ups' pieces he lost forever his child's vision. Henry Cowell has never lost his—to me he seems still the small boy thrilling with the new excitement of discovering what strange unknowable things could be evoked from the queer black box—fairies, mice and ghosts and those other things towards which we are all as children groping in the dark.

Of his technic as a pianist I am not qualified to speak. In any case it is all his own and therefore not to be judged by conventional standards. I found that I enjoyed his music more when not watching him, as his fore-arm-tone-clusters—as he calls them—are wonderful in effect but a bit grotesque to watch. I found myself so interested in the mechanics of his playing and in wondering just how he managed to hit the right note every time that I forgot to listen to the music, a great pity indeed, for it is well worth listening to.

His "Aeolian Harp" and "Banshee"—played entirely on the strings of the piano—are weirdly lovely things. In the "Banshee" he gets a peculiar effect of sound coming from an immense distance. His Irish mythology series is tremendous—meaningful—like the deep underlying music of Life itself. His "Broadway Advertisement" is extremely clever descriptive music—and not too long—some of his others in the same discordant vein I got rather too much of and felt exhausted with sheer noise. His "Whisking" is an enchanting bit of mouse-and-fairy nonsense—perhaps a rather unfortunate title as likely to be misunderstood by an American audience—("Whiskey?" queried some one. "No," replied Cowell quite unruffled, "Nothing illegal goes on.") Which, howeve, strikes just the pleasant informal note of the whole affair. Cowell is charmingly naive and a captivated audience flatly refused to let him go when at the end of his first group he rose and said, "Well, I think I will let you rest now." It was a still captivated audience that rose reluctantly at the end of the afternoon to go home.

Peninsula Typewriter Exchange
Dealers in Office Equipment
423 Alvarado Street, Monterey Telephone 1090

A BOOK *about* CARMEL

yesterday and today

The first and only book on all phases of Carmel, giving an account of its history, arts, literature and science; its original personality, and its beauty!

Written by Daisy Bostick and Dorothea Castelhun. Illustrated with photographs and sketches by Carmel artists.

A PLEASING SOUVENIR FULL OF INFORMATION

A PAGE OF POETRY BY A DISH WASHER

By W. K. B.

HE ISN'T EXACTLY THAT—not by chosen vocation—but perhaps by desired avocation, temporarily, is John E. Reinecke washing dishes at present in the kitchen of the Blue Bird Tea Room. He appeared before me last week and a bit tremulously asked if The Cymbal considered contributions of poetry. I said that we did, with one, or two, reservations—they were not by any direct or indirect reference to apply to Point Lobos or to cypress trees. I explained that writing poetry on cypress trees and Point Lobos was much like writing letters to the papers—everybody thought he could do it, and generally it proved as sickening as the average letters to the paper. He seemed to accept those reservations with a smile and departed. I wasn't quite sure whether he had gone to tear up his poetry on cypress trees and Point Lobos or whether he was loftily smiling because he hadn't written any. I discovered when he returned a few days later with what follows on this page that he wouldn't be likely to write Point-Lobos-Cypress poetry. I am printing what he left with me because it is interesting and because, also, it is good. I learned from him that he was graduated from the University of Kansas and taught in a suburban school in that state for a while—until he decided that that was no way to live a creative life and ditched his school books and hickory stick for the open road. The poems that follow, then, are

By JOHN E. REINECKE

ELEAZAR MACCABEUS

THE FEEL of the great hide yielding under my shoulder!
The yell of the turret's occupants above!
Oh ecstatic rush of my sword into his bowels,
The straining resistance as I twisted the blade within him,
The first blood-drops staining my tired hand
As he shook and trumpeted like the false gods of his master before Jehovah,
And swinging sideways, fell down upon me;
While my soul escaped from my body under-prostrate Leviathan
And stood with the armed archangels, Raphael and Michael.

SEA IN LANGUOR

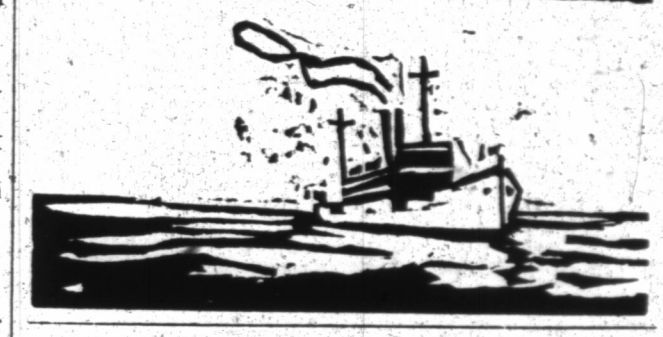
ABOVE this mid-place of the sea
The near-lost winds whine wearily;
The birds who pass are few and tired;
The water, in the morning fired
To liquid brass before the sun,
At evening takes the self-same dun
It wore for fifty thousand years
Of sorrow at the sun's old biers
Of languid wave and scanty cloud;
And if the moon from shell to proud
Enticing silver did not change
A brief sweet while before her range
Recurs again to that faint rim,
We should have thought it but a whim
To speak of time at all.

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST

I, THE anthropologist, know poetry.
I see marriage and birth and death, plowing and planting and reaping, enwoven with the silk threads of customs.
All the basic common things of life are familiar to me, near and far, among great peoples and among little tribes lost in world's corners:
Circumcision, bride-capture, boat-building friend-feasting, head-taking, smelting of iron, dancing, suckling of babies.
I am with the midwife, the sorcerer, and the herbman; I can notice the rain evoked, and the little horrid ghosts wandering keening outside the huts.
I can see the chiefs in their judgment seats, and understand the reasons for the secret jargon of the women.
All the romance of the Odyssey, the Aeneid, and Camoens' Lusiad pales before obscure folk-wanderings as I trace them.
I have my fingers set on the throb of the source of song, common particular things, in every place different and changing.

UNNAMED VERSE

THE SEA, oh the awful sea.
We folk have loved and feared the sea,
But as one who loves horses in their sleek strength
Or fears them rearing in their rage.
We have not seen the middle of the sea:
The million milllon tons on tons above of silent pressing water
And beneath a pressure deeper, darker yet,
On either side no ease from it;
So the soul caught in the flattened body must endure
The ache of unguessed-at cold, the ooze
Of matter dead or living falling down
In long slow strings, unmoved to right or left with wave of motion,
The black beyond the awfullest blank of night,
Being broken, as the soul imprisoned passes through,
Only as some rays curiously are shed
By dreadful creatures of the mid-abyss.



Cost plus Five Per Cent

I aim to build as well and as economically as it can be done, and I hit the mark so often that I have hosts of satisfied customers. May I not include you?

PERCY PARKES
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
PARKES BUILDING CARMEL
Telephone 71

MISS MINNIE BERGER
Teacher of Piano and Harmony
BOX 1147 CARMEL

CARMEL GARAGE
TELEPHONE 112

OUR EXPERT MACHINISTS OVERHAUL AND REPAIR ALL MAKES OF CARS

HOW LONDON SEES OUR WILL ROGERS

ONE of the most interesting and perhaps, unintentionally humorous articles in a recent issue of London Punch is that of the journal's reviewer of theatrical offerings in the English capital and which is principally devoted to an opinion, or a series of opinions of Will Rogers who happened that week to be the headliner at the London Pavilion. Rogers, who was foremost in the popular eye of the world until Rudolp Valentino passed him on the arm of the Reaper is apparently not exactly appreciated by this British critic as attest the following:

> The new feature of this revue is Mr. Will Rogers, who talks about politics and strikes, and steadies himself with chewing gum. Disguised as a music-hall **diseur** he has, I understand, done a great deal of quiet propaganda in the States, and he comes to us as a Peace "plenipotemporary" (his word, but possibly a slip of the tongue) at a moment when the relations between our country and his are badly in need of the saving balm of humour. I had already heard him (with chewing gum) in a private house, and I think his intimate methods are better suited to such surroundings than to public places where they dance. I prefer not to have my caviare served sandwiched between a sweet omelette and a **bombe glacee.**
>
> Mr. Will Rogers has a modest and confiding manner, as if he didn't know what to say and was leaning on his audience and his chewing-gum for ideas. him to tell how tall he is and other per- He comes on with an engaging smile and says nothing. At last it occurs to sonal details. From time to time he appears to suffer from fits of aphasia; then suddenly the words come tumbling over one another. He takes us by spasmodic rushes round Europe and America. He tells us how he saw the changing of the guard at St. James's and then dashed across to Paris and witnessed another daily spectacle, the changing of the French Prime Minister. And all the time his mobile mouth is busy with his chewing-gum.
>
> He is very pleasant about our foibles and sometimes gets them right. He arrived in England in the middle of the general strike and conceived a serious admiration for our conduct of it. Indeed he thinks that it showed us at our best, and he wishes that it could have been prolonged, because many people did a job of work then who have not done any since. He chaffs us good-natured about our attitude in the matter of the Amerıcan debt. John Bull, he says, protested that in undertaking to pay it off he was only acting the part of a man, and then later on started to howl about it. This is one of the things that Mr. Rogers has not got quite right. You may pay your creditor his pound of flesh like a man and still reserve the right to address him as "Shylock" without being accused of squealing.
>
> Mr. Will Rogers is perhaps apt to rely too little on his own observation and too much on the commonplaces of tradition—some of them not too fresh. His little jibe at the House of Lords dates back to the period of Gilbert-and-Sullivan. Again, when he suggested that, to cope with the present strike, we should use gas instead of coal, he said a good thing; but he spoilt it by going on to say that this gas should be laid on from the House of Commons. It didn't seem to have occurred to him that our own jesters must have made this rather cheap jeu d'esprit a thousand times.
>
> He spoke with transparent honesty and no suspicion of a commercial motive when he declared his high regard for our English sense of humor. True, he spared us the cryptic language of his native slang and so made things easier for us; but he must have gathered from our appreciation of him that he was free to make American fun at our expense as no Englishman would be free to make English fun at the expense of an American audience.
>
> A genuine humourist and a most lovable personality. . . .

"SALVATION HUNTERS" AT GOLDEN BOUGH

NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT the Theatre of the Golden Bough will respond to a general request for a re-showing of "The Salvation Hunters", the extraordinary motion picture that was such a sensation last year, not alone among theater-goers, but in Hollywood itself where the film was hailed as remarkable by the movie-producing world. The picture gave its author and producer, to say nothing of its players, the most sudden and definite boost in the history of Hollywood.

The history of how Josef von Sternberg was considered a failure in the motion picture producing business when he managed to make this picture at the cost of a few thousand dollars, with players then unknown to fame, and how when shown to a group of the greatest movie stars that could be gathered together it was hailed by them as an extraordinary find and a work of genius has been told often. It was immediately financed by the United Artists, a combination of the Fairbanks-Pickford-Chaplin interests.

"The Salvation Hunters" is remarkable for the intense treatment it gives a simple story of plain unfortunate people battling against environment to win their chance in life. Its scenes and characters are etched in with vigorous, biting strokes. It is full of dramatic suspense, touched with iron humor, and presents a subtle mysticism new to the screen—new in America, at least where the rule is almost universal that pictures must meet the taste of Market Street.

The key mood to the picture is provided by the fitfully moving arm of a huge mud dredge which weaves a spell almost hypnotic by its continual recurrence throughout the action. The drama is about the groping human creatures that live under its ominous shadow—a young girl doomed to drudgery or worse, a boy who does not know how to find work or to find his way, and a bare-legged waif of the docks who has made no friends but these two. How the three break from the shackles of circumstance and find their way into the sunlight is the story of "The Salvation Hunters".

Your Willing Servant

THAT IS WHAT we want you to consider **The Coast Valleys Gas and Electric Company.**

Our paramount aim is to please our customers.

If you are pleased, tell others. If there is anything you don't like about our service, tell us.

Call Carmel 178 and talk to our District Agent Mr. Silva or Salinas 57 and talk to our General Manager, Mr. Pollard.

When you are in Salinas, come in and meet Mr. Pollard face to face. He is never too busy to talk to a Coast Valleys Customer.

COAST VALLEYS SERVICE

Coast Valleys Gas and Electric Company

WHITNEY'S

[Formerly Basham's]

BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON

FOUNTAIN DRINKS
HOME-MADE CANDY

THE TOWN THAT DOESN'T WANT A CHAUTAUQUA

By MARY AUSTIN
(Reprinted from the New Republic)

NEW YORK is accustomed to thinking itself the capital of creative effort in the Americas, having drawn to it the most representative minds of the generation which has charged itself, in the spirit of a crusade, with the fight for the freedom of the creative spirit. But during the past month, New York has given place to an older capital, and a newer expeditionary advance against the banners of Main Street. It is at Santa Fe, the oldest self- established capital in the New World, still the capital of New Mexico, and the most European of towns in all that meets the eye, since its oldness is more in evidence than its newness, that the the battle is staged.

The streets of Santa Fe are narrow, its gardens walled, its houses still predominately an undivided item of the brown soil and flat-topped mesas. Its population is 40 per

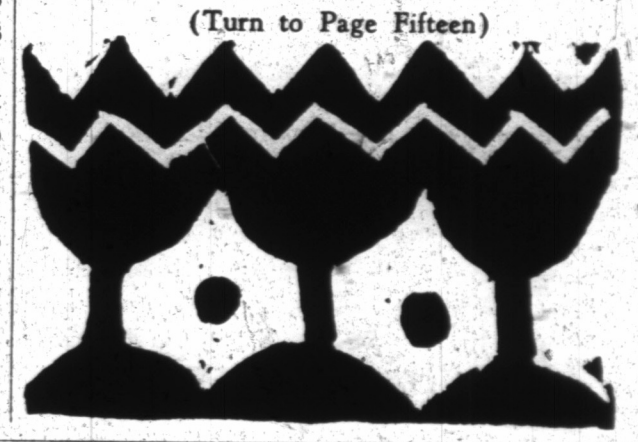
cent Spanish-speaking; its hours ring to soft cathedral chimes; religious processions still wind along its kindly streets, and guitars make musical its summer dusk. Also it has a Rotary Club, Kiwanis and Women's Clubs and a Chamber of Commerce, and the largest and most important group of creative workers, painters, poets, novelists, etchers, sculptors, architects, between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast. Mediating these diverse elements of population is a considerable contingent of people rather above the average for towns of the size of Santa Fe, drawn there by the climate, by the charm of its old world atmosphere, and by the fact that Santa Fe really is the capital of creative and intellectual effort in the western half of the continent. Not only are distinguished visitors continuously passing and repassing Santa Fe, but workers in many fields of research, such as the country naturally calls for, archaeology, ethnology, geology and aboriginal literature, make it from time to time the headquarters of their work. It is quite possible—in addition to the residents—for such diverse and compelling personalities as Sinclair Lewis, John Galsworthy, Spinden and Morley of the Mayan expedition, John Sloan and Alfred Kreymborg to be in Santa Fe at one time or within a few weeks of each other. Or it might be Willa Cather, Harrington the Indian language expert, Old Bill White, Anne Martin the feminist, Alma Gluck and Robert Henri. Any town and its inhabitants, worth being visited by such distinguished people, is bound in the course of time to produce something worth watching, and eventually profitable to the community at large. What Santa Fe is producing at the moment is a dramatic clash between the creative type of mind and interest, and the type most accurately described as the Chautauqua-minded.

That institution known as the Chautauqua Circle is a pure American product, the outstanding characterization of our naive belief and our superb faith that culture can, like other appurtenances of democracy, proceed by majorities. As the Chautauqua stood during the last quarter of the last century, it was a really important instrument of adult education. It took the whole intellectual product of the period, decanted and distributed it with sincerity and skill. Nor does it qua idea ever mistook the nature either of appear that the originators of the Chautau their intention or their achievement. But the beneficiaries of it did. By the beginning of the present century the pleasant air diffused by lectures and superficial predigested study courses and the presence on platforms of distinguished personalities politely stepping down the results of their labor to the comprehension of unlaboring audiences, had produced in those audiences the still more pleasing illusion of actually having what they had only heard about. Just as anybody today who can without actual damage to himself pull a lever, punch a button, or uncover his arm to a serum syringe thinks of himself as participating in the age of science, so the million faithful attendants at study clubs, at Circles and Lecture programs have come to feel a proprietary interest in the prevailing "culture" of their age. It is this primary illusion which is back of unspecialized attempts to award merit or blame in American art and motives for such attempted censorship are neither so puritanical nor so Freudian as are generally assumed by the generation which in the fact that no single circumstance in suffers most. Reason enough can be found. American life is calculated to undeceive the Chautauqua-minded as to the quality of that "culture" which has been doled out to them under the foremost names and the best auspices. There can be no doubt that a vast majority of Americans, particularly American women, sincerely suppose that "culture" is generated in "courses," and proceeds as by nature from the lecture platform. The general disrespect in which the "business" sense of the creative worker is held in the United States would prevent any contrary idea from gaining ground; so that the driving out of a resident community of creative workers of established reputation by a Chautauqua summer colony would inevitably seem to many people a great cultural gain.

So much is necessary, by way of explanation of what happened at Santa Fe. Unique as that little city is, it is still suffciently American to have produced a group to whom a summer Chautauqua on its border seemed a valid way of raising the cultural tone of the community, while at the same time it produces that great American desideratum of "bringing money into the town."

What more natural than that a group of Texas club women who have for the last year been looking for a site for a Chautauqua as a centre for the Federated Clubs of the nine Southwestern states, should have been attracted to Santa Fe, and in the complete sincerity of their acceptance of the democratization of

(Turn to Page Fifteen)



M. J. MURPHY

CONTRACTING
AND
BUILDING

BUILDING MATERIALS

OFFICE TELEPHONE 153
YARD TELEPHONE 88 W

HOW TO EAT AND LIVE TO BE MERRY

Number Two

By PERCY BENNETT WRIGHT

WHAT IS FOOD?

"Good, natural food is just as nature gives it to us, with nothing added, and nothing taken away. Nature, which has supplied all creatures with life, has also wisely and generously supplied all creatures with all the means of life—natural sleep, natural exercise, natural air, natural water and natural food. We cannot deny ourselves natural sleep or natural exercise without paying therefor as nature demands. We would not think of taking into our bodies unnatural air or of knowingly drinking unnatural water. By what right do we eat unnatural food?"

Chemistry teaches us that the human body is composed of sixteen elements in balanced relation, as follows: Oxygen, Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Sodium, Potassium, Silicon, Magnesium, Manganese, Iron, Iodine, Carbon, Sulphur, Chlorine, Fluorine, Phosphorus and Calcium or lime. Although mentioned last, Lime is one of the most important elements. Its presence in food is absolutely essential to maintain the alkaline balance. When foods are eaten which have been robbed of their calcium during the process of manufacture their injurious effects will become apparent in various ways. Foods deficient in Calcium are those made from white flour. Polished white rice and patented breakfast foods and other denatured food products are also lacking in the necessary Calcium.

All natural food contains Calcium. When Calcium is removed from food it becomes unnatural food. There is a long list of foods which may be consumed in their natural state. Milk, fruits, nuts, grains, especially wheat; green, leafy vegetables, dates, figs, the legumes such as peas, beans and lentils and others afford us a large variety to choose from. We who live in Carmel are especially fortunate in having a supply of fresh vegetables right at our door. Most of these may and should be eaten without cooking. Many may be prepared by cooking in hermetically sealed containers without exposure to the air and without losing the valuable Calcium content.

"Life is a consuming process—like a burning fire. The things we call food, and oxygen, are what we rely upon to keep the process in operation—to keep the fire burning." We must supply the proper food and see to it that the ashes do not accumulate to smother the burning fire.

We all must eat in order to live. The law of Life is the law of REPLENISHMENT. Our duty, clearly, is to eat those foods which are known to contain the elements necessary to replenish each of the sixteen mineral and chemical substances.

(To Be Continued)

TUBERCULOSIS CLINICS

AN INTENSIVE case-finding program to secure adequate medical examination for all cases of tuberculosis, contacts, and groups of persons particularly susceptible to the disease, will start in Monterey county under the auspices of the California Tuberculosis Association and the Bureau of Tuberculosis of the State Board of Health. This is part of the program of prevention now being conducted by the state association. Prominent specialists from different parts of the state will be present on the following days: September 21—King City at Legion Hall; September 23—Salinas at the Civic Club house; September 24—Monterey at the City Building, Madison and Pacific avenues.

All persons whose vitality is reduced, all active cases of tuberculosis, and arrested cases of tuberculosis, or persons living under such conditions as are likely to diminish their resistance and as are likely to result in infection and the development of tuberculosis, are invited to be present at these clinics. The clinics are for diagnosis only—no treatment will be given, and patients will be expected to return to their own physicians.

Carmel
CLEANING WORKS

EXPERT CLEANING
AND PRESSING

W. C. FARLEY
TELEPHONE 242

DOLORES
NEAR OCEAN CARMEL

THE TRIANGLE
REALTY CO.

REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE
LOANS

F. O. ROBBINS GRANT WILLS
P. B. WRIGHT

DOLORES STREET SOUTH OF POST OFFICE

Theatre of
The Golden Bough

TONIGHT
Wednesday, Sept. 8

ELSIE
GRANT

DRAMATIC READER

in readings of one act plays and short works by modern poets. . . . .

WITH INCIDENTAL MUSIC

FLORA RICHARDSON
AT THE PIANO

Admission 75c Program at 8:30

SUNDAY NIGHT SPECIAL
September 12
8 O'CLOCK

Return Showing of

THE
SALVATION
HUNTERS

Directed by
JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Bold and original in conception, impressionistic in treatment, with photography of the finest. . .

Ethically—a lesson in the power of self-assertion

FOR ADULTS ONLY

A PICTURE YOU WILL TALK ABOUT FOR MONTHS. . . .

ROBERT NATHAN'S latest novel, "The Fiddler in Barley", will be brought out at the Brick House (Robert M. McBride and Company) late in September. Mr. Nathan writes of his story that he has attempted to couple in it the fantasy of the "The Puppet Master" with the pastoral quality of "Autumn".

* * *

Other fall publications by the Brick House are "The Secret Deed" by J. Cleft-Adams. "White Falcon" by Harold Lamb and "Backyerd" by Gloria Goddard. The first of the three is a mystery tale, of which the publishers make the enlightening remark that "mystery haters should read 'The Secret Deed' for its romance, anti-romanticists for its mystery, and normal people for the combination." The second mentioned is an adventure story and concerns the doings of a band of Don Cossacks during the reign of Tsar Boris Godunov. The third is a "first novel"' in which the scene is an alley flanked on one side by the mean backyards of a row of laborers' cottages and, on the other, by the more spacious gardens of the local aristocracy

* * *

"The Golden Day" is the title of a new book by Lewis Mumford announced for publication by Boni and Liveright. Van Wyck Brooks, after reading the manuscript, wrote to the publishers:—" 'The Golden Day' seems to me the culmination of the whole critical movement in this country, during the last ten years—the most brilliant book the movement has produced thus far and the one that best sums up the leading ideas. It is as full of sound prophecy as it is of sound criticism."

* * *

It seems that in England "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" with the same enthusiasm as do the Americans. Sales of the book continue over there at the sensational rate of more than a thousand a day. The style is infectious, apparently, for we find Mr. P. C. Kennedy, writing in the New Statesman, running on as follows:—"I mean it is very difficult for gentlemen like I to review a book like 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes'. I mean it is quite true that gentlemen do prefer blondes So I mean gentlemen like I are just the same as other gentlemen, and wouuld like to go shopping with blondes, but it seems as if blondes would rather go shopping with gentlemen who have got money than go shopping with gentlemen like I who have got brains. So I mean it seems as if there was a limit to almost everything."

* * *

Seven new Borzoi books have just been brought out this month. They are as follows: "The Roman Spirit" by Albert Grenier; "Flying Fish" by Grace Hazard Conkling; "The American Senate" by Lindsay Rogers; "The Chronicle of Clemendy" by Arthur Machen; "Government Owned Corporations" by Harold A. Van Dorn; "Crime and the Criminal" by Philip A. Parsons and "The King of Alsander" by James Elroy Flecker.

* * *

"Country People", the novel of Ruth Suckow, an Iowa farm girl, has just been published in London where she has been hailed by the famous Sphere as "an American Galsworthy".

* * *

The autumn publications of Albert and Charles Boni include many interesting and provocative titles. In October will appear Ford Madox Ford's "A Man Could Stand Up". Ford established himself as one of the finest modern writers by his "Some Do Not" which came out two years ago. Critics were divided in their opinions of his next, "No More Parades", some of them claiming that it does not reach the high standard of the former. "A Man Could Stand Up" continues the development of ideas and characters from

the first two and represents the climax of the three volumes.

* * *

"Jarnegan" by Jim Tully is described by the publishers as "the first honestly written novel about Hollywood". Certainly Jim Tully should know something about Hollywood, for he has been living there during the past thirteen years, as an extra player, a publicity writer and reader for the studios. It has been his whole life since the famous hobo days described in his autobiography, "Beggars of Life".

* * *

The author of "The Worm Ouroboros" has written a new book under the title of "Styrbiorn The Strong". James Stephens has characterized E. R. Eddison as "a vast man". This novel deals with one of the oldest Norse sagas and is a story of war and love, of high conquest and ancient kingdoms.

Among the modern French writers Marcel Proust stands out for his marvelous analysis of character and his penetrating study of the social world which he knew so well. His main works have been excellently translated and are published by Albert and Charles Boni—"The Guermantes Way" and "Within a Budding Grove", each consisting of two volumes.

Wrought Iron
The Forge in The Oaks
John Catlin Carmel

Eliot & Marian

COMPLETE NEW SHOWING OF FALL STYLES! The latest models in jersey are particularly attractive. Tailored gowns and sport costumes in great variety of material, from serge to velvet.

GENERAL MORTGAGE COMPANY
Of San Francisco
Building Loans
R. H. BOWEN
Monterey County
Representative
Corner Ocean and Lincoln, Carmel
Telephone 271

A. CLAY OTTO
DESIGNER
Architectural
Monumental
Display
STUDIO IN COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS

Staniford's
DRUG STORE
Prescriptions our Specialty
TELEPHONE 150 CARMEL

Call 168 for
FRESH FRUITS
and
VEGETABLES
COMPLETE LINE
LEIDIG GROCERY

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF RUSSIAN MUSIC BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

(This article is continued from last week's issue of The Cymbal—Ed.)

By MARY ELIZABETH LLOYD

AT THE CLOSE of the Fifties, Cesar Cui and Moussorgsky joined Balakireff's crusade on behalf of the national ideal. A little later, Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakoff were admitted to this circle with Vladimir Stassoff, the writer. This young and enthusiastic group met at Dargomifsky's house.

At this time every member except Balakireff was earning his living by other means than music. Cui was an officer of engineers and added to his income by coaching. Moussorgsky was a lieutenant in the Guards. Rimsky-Korsakoff was in the Imperial Navy, and Borodin was a professor of chemistry. Borodin's life, between his scientific work, his constant attendance at all kinds of board and committee meetings together with his musical interests was strenuous beyond description. He was a warm advocate of the higher education of women and one of the founders of the School of Medicine for Women in Petrograd.

With the exception of Stassoff and Cui all critics were opposed to these musical Ishmaelites, and they had to be satisfied with drawing room performances in the houses of their friends, who sang their songs and created parts in their operas.

Among these friends was Nadelpha Pourgold, who became later Madame Rimsky-Korsakoff and her sister Nathalie who sang and accompanied them.

A more ideal movement it would be hard to find in the history of art. All the works produced at this time were the outcome of single minded and clear convictions, uninfluenced by the hope of gain and with little prospect of popular appreciation.

Cesar Cui was the son of one of Napoleon's generals left behind in the Retreat from Moscow: his music naturally enough shows traces of his French origin combined with the influence of Schumann upon him. Nevertheless Cui has been a distinct force in the evolution of Russian music.

He was a self-taught composer. Early in his life, he and his wife were obliged to add to their income by keeping a preparatory school for boys. Here Cui taught all day, while not lecturing in military schools, and his nights were devoted to the study of harmony and composition, and later on, of musical criticism.

Emphasis is to be placed upon the fact that music was necessarily an avocation to this great school of composers who had no place to be heard, nor an audience to listen.

Rosa Newmarch, an English critic, says that Cui's music reminds her of those complex recipes for potpourri which we find in the day books of our great-grandmothers. It is compounded of more or less delightful ingredients, French predilections, Schumannesque mannerisms, some essence distilled from the grace and passion of Chopin, a dash of Russian sincerity, several fragrant and insidious aromas in which the original element of individuality is smothered in the rose leaves and lavendar winnowed from other people's gardens.

Borodin's music occupies a position between the original type of national lyric opera which Glinka inaugurated in "Life for the Czar" and the dramatic realism of Moussorgsky. His great operatic work "Prince Igor" is based on the epic of the "Army of Igor". Its chief beauty is to be found in the choruses based on Russian and Tartar folk song themes. Borodin possessed more humor than Glinka. There is a distinctly Shakespearian quality about ite—. g. in the Galitsky Aria.

"Prince Igor" stands almost alone in its atmosphere of optimism, its prevalence of major over minor keys, in the straightforwardness of its emotional appeal.

The spirit of pessimism which darkens Russian literature inevitably crept into the national opera, because music and literature are more closely associated in Russian than in any other country. Glinka's "Life for the Czar" is a tragedy of love and self sacrifice. Tschaikowsky took his brooding melancholy into his operatic works which are nearly all built on some sad or tragic libretto.

Moussorgsky depicts the darkest phases in Russian history, but along with this phase of Russian character must be mentioned the great capacity for work which belonged to the vigorous youth of the nation and as well a cheerful resignation to inevitable hardship.

Kurt Schindler, who compiled "A Century of Russian Songs" and two volumes of "Masters of Russian Songs" published in America, calls Moussorgsky the greatest of innovators and prophets in modern music. Moussorgsky's fanatical love of veracity, coupled with an idealism that verged on self-abnegation, induced him to let his people speak in their own medium, the Russian folk song, which he knew how to incorporate into his music as no other before or after him. A contemporary of Wagner, Moussorgsky has solved in his own way the problem of musical declamation, being led by his desire to be absolutely true to life. The key to his work is the spiritual personality of the man himself. To study his music is a profound experience in a musician's life, one likely to enlarge his vision of the spiritual and psychic powers of music. His life's achievement stands before us, with the high lights always placed where they lay bare the essential life of the soul.

That is why his songs are such revelations of psychology, and why the character of Boris Goudonoff or of Dorsifiei and Marfa in Khovanstchina affect audiences with the direct power of Shakespearian drama.

In his songs we find a descriptive power uncanny in its visual correctness, melodic lines of undreamt of boldness, harmonies that no other heard or felt before him and a masterful handling of technical resource and of declamation.

(Mrs. Lloyd's interesting article will be concluded in the next issue of The Cymbal.)

HARRY MALLINGER
is now owner of the
STUDIO RESTAURANT
NEW CHEF DOLORES ST.

TILLY POLAK
Antiques and Objets D'Art
WHEN YOU WANT DISTINCTIVE GIFTS, SMALL OR LARGE, AND BEAUTIFUL FURNISHINGS FOR YOUR HOME AT REASONABLE PRICES, COME IN AND LOOK AROUND. . . MY IMPORTATIONS ARE ALL PERSONALLY SELECTED FROM EUROPE, MEXICO AND OTHER COUNTRIES. . . . . .
COURT OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH CARMEL

CHAUTAUQUA

(Continued from Page Eleven)

"culture", should have ignored to the point of actually convincing themselves that it did not exist, the protest of any Santa Feans who failed to agree with them. Without any underthought the project was nominated a "cultural colony", and the universal reaction of other towns in the district to the rapidly developing objections of the ignored creative elements of the population, was that they had suddenly gone "plumb crazy." That was to be expected from painters, poets and such like producers of the raw stuff of culture,—and this is unique in the history of American culture—an important contingent of the "business men," doctors, lawyers, merchants, educators, at Santa Fe were promptly found to be possessed of the heresy that maintaining a creative atmosphere is sometimes more important than "bringing money into the town," and that a creative type of culture is a better thing for the community as a whole, a better contribution to the future of the state, than a Chautauqua type. This decision, reached almost by instinct by a significant minority of the ancient desert capital, with neither drum nor bush, suddenly showed itself as the sharp edge of a sword dividing the ways of community thought.

It has become a convention to speak of the most frequently deplored traits of our American culture as Middle-Western. What we mean is that most American communities established in the last half-century have not so much grown as been builded, subject to a notion of "the good life" as it was conceived along the Ohio and upper Mississippi valleys, a notion that overflowed into the West and achieved itself, largely by means of Chautauqua devices, without producing the satisfactions expected of it. Never has a cultural idea so quickly reached its apogee and so soon resolved into a secret dismay. Not only have enterprises for the expression of gregariousness in a cultural guise disappeared from uncounted towns, but the towns themselves are now doing their best to look as if they never had them. All over the West there is a fumbling movement toward a culture rooted in the living processes of community life, but nowhere a formulated program, scarcely an articulate choice. Possibly because the Chatauqua type of cultural endeavor has proceeded from the very sources from which true culture is conventionally supposed to be derived, from the social activities for which "our best women" are sponsors, there has been a marked reluctance of definition, and no explicit rejections. Probably no other town of its size in the Southwest, however much private citizens might have deplored it, would have flouted the convention that a Women's Club "culture colony" is inevitably a cultural advantage and a financial gain. Suddenly like a flashing sword out of the ancient city of the Holy Faith came both choice and definition.

There are, said Santa Fe, two types of cultural centre, the creative and the Chautauqua, and the two are incompatible in the same community. Having one we prefer not to have the other. Even more startling, the first pronouncement of the group that called itself the Old Santa Fe Association, was put forth in a manner that placed the artist on the same footing as a business man, that came near to the unprecedented heresy of assuming that an artist is a business man. To prove it, the local paper issued a long list of artists of every description resident at Santa Fe, with their properties and incomes, in which astonishingly many of them were shown to be as "solid" citizens as though they had been members of the Chamber of Commerce, as in fact a score of the protestants proved to be. The hush that fell upon the whole nine states known as the Southwest, following this announcement, was thick enough to have been cut with the the proverbial knife.

What did cut it was the trenchant response of New York, for the protestants numbered several members whose "business" of influencing opinion was on a scale that, applied to selling worsted yarn or hardware would have been called "big". Not only the metropolitan press was stirred, but weekly magazines, followed by the newspapers of the inland cities, working westward until comment and approval penetrated the

mazed borders of New Mexico. Whatever discovery Santa Fe had made for itself, it proved, like so many discoveries, to be the unvoiced conviction of innumerable other small cities and large. There are two types of community culture, one in which the community works by individuals to produce definite achievement on a cultural scale, and the other in which the community exists chiefly to hear about what has been produced. And even the towns which, if put to the test, might vote for the more popular and populous type, are agreed that it would be a relief to know that there is one town, preferably Santa Fe, made safe against it.

To have this out, all set down in uncontrovertible print, is itself a great gain in the evolution of community life in the United States, To admit that there is a creative life, not compatible with he ordinary life of druggists and hardware merchants, doctors and lawyers—such a pleasant and productive life as is now being lived at Santa Fe—and yet clearly stated as incompatible with much that calls itself "culture", is a gain that might not have been made elsewhere in this generation. Beside this gain, the insistence of the originating group, that in spite of the widely stated objections they mean to go as far as they can in superimposing their Chautauqua-mindedness upon Santa Fe, though it may seriously disturb the civic equilibrium of old Santa Fe, is, by its betrayal of the lack of a saving grace of humor, robbed of all its dignity and half its power to offend. "'Culture" has often been made absurd by its devotees in America, but never before so without a savor of gallantry. And always there is the possibility that the majority of the General Federation of Women's Clubs—which as an institution has never quite lacked worldly penetration as to its own place in the American scheme—may not feel itself so necessitous in the matter that it must make a cuckoo's nest of the most distinctive and creatively distinguished town in the Southwest, to incubate its own cultural expression. Any number of towns are open to them with undivided welcome and an unaffected allegiance to the Chautauqua type of summer colony, still serviceable where the conditions favor it.

There is another aspect of the situation in New Mexico of an even profounder and more revealing significance in its relation to the problem of American culture as a whole. The native, Spanish-speaking population, descendants of our Spanish colonial families, have expressed themselves more definitely on the subject of the proposed "culture colony" than upon any cultural problem since the American occupation. Courteously but firmly, and with a thoroughly Latin capacity for expressing more than they have said, El Centro de Culturo and El Union Protectiva have added themselves to the numerical majority of protestants. Up to the time that the project was prematurely announced as an accomplished fact, it had occurred to nobody to ask whether the Spanish colonials, whose cultural status has for a hundred years been that of a conquered people, had anything to say to this second invasion. During which time it has been forgotten that this people came to New Mexico out of the siglo de oro that produced Lope de Vega, Calderon, the Escurial, grand opera and the novel, all the golden century of Spain. Seeds like that can lie in a racial strain a long time, and then put forth, as here in New Mexico they are beginning to do, signs of self-rooted cultural life. Today there is among the descendants of these oldest American families more of the kind of expression that is called "folk art" than in any indigenous group within the United States. Wouldn't it be just that dramatic value which the invisible History Maker loves, if this reviving root of one of the world's great ages of cultural advance should be the point on which our most purposefully cultural institution snags? Wouldn't it somehow take the wind out of a few bubbles that float red, white and blue on the surface of our national expression?

There is no doubt that Chautauqua as an institution has a legitimate, even an honored place in our cultural evolution. But it belongs to and legitimately ends with the era of its distinguished culture hero, William Jennings Bryan. Probably its best service will prove to be the evidence it affords that its characteristic product, the Chautauqua mind, is not the material out of which golden centuries are made. And in the meantime Santa Fe adds to its uniqueness of joyous adventure by becoming the town that wouldn't have a Chautauqua.

KAYS
LUNCHEON
TEA
Catering
DOLORES STREET

THE PASSING OF A GREAT CRITIC

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

THE LATEST number of the New York Herald-Tribune came to us with the usual splendid book-review by Stuart P. Sherman, and in the opposite column the news of his death. That a man of such extraordinary critical ability should have been suddenly cut off from his work at the height of his powers is a loss to American letters which it will not be easy to forget. His place was unique in more than one sense. Not only was his criticism keenly penetrating, and his sympathy and understanding essential, but he was himself creative. In fact, it was not until Stuart Sherman began, two years ago, to write his reviews of current literature for the Tribune that we fully understood the meaning of creative criticism. It was not that the critic must shoulder the author out of the way and present himself instead, as so many do, but that he should acquire the rare power of experiencing the thing about which he wrote. This he did to perfection. He borrowed the author's mind for the moment, saw through his eyes, glowed with his emotion. From that centre he understood clearly. He would view a book projected against all the author's earlier work, against his past life, against his surroundings. He spared himself no pains in finding every ounce of influence which might have been brought to bear on the work. Then, and not until then, would the critical faculty be allowed to enter.

With fine scholarship and that dignity of presentation which is the stamp of a man of true culture, he would give us week by week his thoughtful essays—creative in the sense that they often revealed the author to himself. His writing was constructive, stimulating and well considered. One felt that he was thoroughly saturated with his subject before he took up his pen and that there existed back of all he wrote a mind undimmed by any of the triteness of popular journalism.

Among the men who will remember Stuart Sherman for his championship of their sincerity are Llewellyn Powys, D. H. Lawrence, Theodore Dreiser, Aldous Huxley, Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell.

We shall always be deeply indebted to one who has explored the strange minds of such men and enabled us to approach their work with heightened intelligence.

A fine scholar has left the field of literary criticism just as his sane, vigorous judgment was most needed. Van Wyck Brooks paid him a warm tribute in an essay some months ago. He knew what Stuart Sherman meant to American letters because he stands for the same thing—dignity, excellence and understanding.

Prominent Citizens of Carmel

Number Eight

IN ORDER to do Weenie Tooey full justice, this picture of her should be in colors. Then you could see the beautiful red-gold color of her fur, as brilliant and as thick and as fluffy as a fox! It would be particularly good in contrast to the background of cypress trees. Another thing that

the picture doesn't show is Weenie's figure—it's of that elongated variety which is suggested by the rough silhouette below.

Weenie belongs to Mrs. T. A. Tooey who got her from the Humane Society a few years ago, and she has traveled between here and and Pasadena a number of times. In intelligence and spirit Weenie is certainly an unusual lady, as the following story will attest. One evening during one of the times Weenie was sojourning in Carmel, her family was engaged in glancing through a book on friendship with a view to selecting some quotation suitable for a Christmas card. They then proceeded to go for a walk uptown, leaving Weenie in the house, in spite of her ardent pleas to be allowed to accompany them. Half an hour later they returned. When they entered the living room they found an unforgettable picture. There sat Weenie, bolt upright on a forbidden davenport. Her head was cocked to one side, and there was a light of rebellious defiance in her eyes. At her feet lay the book on friendship, its pages torn to ribbons.

EUREKA DAIRY

PURE MILK AND CREAM

TELEPHONE 304

We make our own
ICE CREAM
It is not shipped in

Try our famous
LOGANBERRY SHERBET
Curtis Candy Store

OPENING
—EARLY IN SEPTEMBER
L'AIGLON
TWO DOORS SOUTH OF POSTOFFICE
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

HAIR CUTTING
FACIAL TREATMENTS
COIFFURES A LA MODE
BY APPOINTMENT

WOMEN AND CHILDREN EXCLUSIVELY

TELEPHONE CARMEL 76

BEATTY HANNA
GRACE DIVOTO

FORMERLY WITH MILIUS OF NEW YORK